

Vol. XII. No. 3.



1900,

Dec.



# The Crescent



PACIFIC COLLEGE,

NEWBERG, OREGON.



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# THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1900.

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### *Humanity's Poet.*

Life is a drama. Upon the stage of action the players come and go representing every type and phase of human existence. Whether we would or not we all have a part in this grand drama of life. The masses are ever rushing onward, apparently unconscious of the scenes that are being enacted and of the marvelous diversities in the characters represented. A few great master minds have paused to unravel some of the mysteries of life and paint for us, by means of the drama, some grand true pictures. Through the eyes of these we may view the innate forces of man and note the process of human development. Of those who have thus sought to analyze the mind and discover the motive forces of human action none excel Shakespeare, the "father of the English drama."

The evolution of the drama forms a very important epoch in the history of literature. So closely is it wrapped with the spiritual development of the human race that they can scarcely be separated. In every age men have sought to dramatize their own experience and other material at hand for the entertainment of the people. The instinct which prompts such expression has made the drama inevitable as a form of literature. Early dramatists painted well some phases of life but of Shakespeare alone can it be said that he represented the whole of human life. Others could delineate character by observation of outward action but Shakespeare's characterization was produced by profound insight into the hopes, fears, ambitions and aspirations of men and women. He sought to trace the passions to their sources and to unfold the principles of vice and virtue, and nothing of interest to man could escape his keen observing eye.



The poets are full of great malice; a soul absorbed in the love thoughts about nature and humanity. We enjoy the poetry of nature as we enjoy nature itself, so we enjoy the poetry of humanity as we understand and appreciate human nature. We feel toward people in looks in a similar way that we do toward our friends and associates. Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of humanity. What we need in order to appreciate him is not so much learning as a real sympathy for all classes and conditions of men. He brings to our imagination, "A vision of crowded streets with human life in endless overflow." The enjoyment of Shakespeare is like a plunge into the heart of a great city. There is such variety and picturesqueness, such diversity of life and all so brimful of activity. He touches upon almost every phase of human existence. Though not a writer of history he has given us a true and accurate history of England from Richard II to Henry VIII. Indeed we know or care little for any other English kings than those which Shakespeare paints for us.

In Shylock we have the typical Jew of the 16th century. The very embodiment of hatred and revenge; the personification of prejudice and

of money and hatred for the Christian. While in striking contrast stands Antonio, the representation of the Christian world, in its unjust exactions and cruel religious intolerance. In Hamlet, the dreamer, we have a man of noble inclinations driven by the desire for revenge, to do what his conscience revolts against. In "As You Like It," Rosalind is portrayed as perhaps one of the most charming of Shakespeare's women. She has a sweet, gentle nature coupled with wit and vivacity, which give her a peculiar loveliness and fascination. In Macbeth we see a very common type of human nature. A man of ability and possessing the qualities of a noble, honorable life, yet with ambitions which overbalance and lead him to seek position and honor by foul means.

Critics are agreed that Shakespeare excels in the delineation of the character of man, but it is generally conceded that the same standard of excellence is not shown in his portrayal of woman. Granting that Shakespeare's ideals and conception of life were far above those of his age we must believe that his writings were more or less colored

by the sentiments of time. As the literature of any people shows us their mental and moral condition, so nothing pictures so well for us the social condition of Elizabethan England as does Shakespeare's dramas. But the Christian culture of two centuries has given us a type of womanhood graced with the beauty and strength of purpose that was lacking in the woman of the Elizabethan age.

Shakespeare's plots were mostly borrowed. He took them wherever he found them and his first work was in retouching old plays. Much of his greatness consisted in his ability to appropriate the material at hand. Any situation which could evoke characteristic traits was early detected. The dramatic possibilities were readily outlined and a new creation constructed, all his own, bouyant with life and activity.

Had Shakespeare produced only comedies or sonnets he would have left to the world of literature a priceless legacy; but it is as the tragic poet that we find him at his best. By a chronological study of his works we find that the tragedies were later productions and they reveal to us a life enriched by experience.

He had waded through the deep waters of despond but had not been overwhelmed. His sedition, so nothing pictures so well were tests had not bereft him of his keen sense of beauty and regard for noble aspirations. Out of his own full heart he paints for us with an overwhelming realism the awful effects of sin, the sting of conscience and the direful results of an overbalanced ambition.

Much of Shakespeare's life is wrapped in obscurity, but his environment and the obscurity from which he emerged are of minor importance to us since we have the plays and poems attributed to him by admiring generations. What does it matter whether he lived in the best house in Stratford or began his career by holding horses at the door of the theater? After all we do not know an author by what his biographer tells us but by personal contact, and this we may all have. It has too long been held that Shakespeare is to be read and appreciated only by the scholarly mind. True there is philosophy to puzzle the deepest thinker but even the unlettered, if he has imagination and a love for the story telling element may take delight in Shakespeare.



Whatever may be related of his life and the causes for his going to London we are forced to believe that there was an irresistible force which inevitably impelled him to the stage as the proper sphere for the expression for the rich overflowing life within. The atmosphere of his time and the impulse of his own nature demanded the opportunity which only London could give. That he was a lover of nature we know from his writings. Into many of his plays he has woven most artistically the scenes of his childhood. Touches of Warwickshire seem to lie in the back ground of his mind and give form, color and quality to the landscape of his poetry. Nature was to him an open book and through him she speaks to us the grand truths of life and the universe. We may not interpret Shakespeare from a single play but underlying all his works we get his general concept of life. Of all others he is the truest and completest poet of humanity because of his broad outlook upon life and the varied phases in which he is able to portray human character.

Carlyle pays him a high tribute when he says: "The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakespeare, new elucidations of their own human beings." —*Gertrude Lamb, '99.*

*The Parting of the Ways.*

Chapter III.

Step by step the two young men advanced until, five years from the time of his graduation, Ned was at the head of his department, and Will, young as he was, had reached one of the highest positions in the establishment.

A few weeks after this last promotion Will married a bright attractive girl, a daughter of one of the junior partners, who dressed well, and, like Will, was a favorite in society.

They began their married life in a fashionable boarding house in the city. Will had considered the question of buying a home with his savings, but as the amount was insufficient to purchase anything but a modest residence, and as, moreover, Eva disliked housekeeping, they had concluded it would be almost as economical and much easier to board, and Will had put his money into some business ventures that promised good returns.

A month later, there was another wedding when Ned was united to a graduate of the same college at

which he had taken his degree but who since her graduation had held a position as teacher of French and German in one of the schools in a neighboring city.

Although Will had been in business longer than Ned, and was holding a higher position, yet owing to the different lives the two had led, he had saved very little more, Ned's quiet methodical habits enabling him to lay by a snug sum each year. With this he now bought a pretty cottage in the suburbs, and it was soon transformed into one of the coziest little homes possible.

The lives of the two young couples presented a great contrast to each other. As before marriage, Will and his wife spent much time in society. Indeed, they might be said to know no other world than that of society and business. They cared little for the simple pleasures and interest that engaged the attention of Ned and Helen, and could see little enjoyment in an evening spent in reading or study. For Ned was still going on with the languages he had undertaken to learn, in which he had grown quite proficient assisted now too by young wives, lay aside all intel-

lectual pursuits at marriage, but still kept up her French and German, also her music with which she often soothed and diverted Ned's mind when wearied with the business cares of the day.

Two more years passed by, the former friends and schoolmates living, outside of business hours, in different worlds, the ways growing farther apart all the time.

Then came the "hard times" all over the country, closing the doors of business houses and sweeping away the foundation from many firms considered before strong and reliable. Among them was that of Berkley & Morton, and Will and Ned awoke one day to find themselves without positions, and with their savings also gone, carried away in the general ruin. Ned however, still had his home, and it proved its value now, giving him a place of refuge while striving to regain a place in the business world.

Life in the next few months was anything but easy. Work of almost any kind in business houses was scarce, even men with years of training often could obtain no position by which they might support those dependent on them. In this emergency, Ned turned again to writing articles for the magazines



which his extensive reading in the last few years enabled him to do with some success. Not that all he wrote were excepted, but in this, as in everything else, he showed a spirit of indomitable perseverance, and those which were accepted aided him very materially in tidying over his difficulties.

Helen, too, obtained a few wealthy pupils to whom she gave private lessons in French, German and music, for however hard the times may be, there are always those who are willing to pay for work of a really high grade in intellectual development, and Helen was glad to be able to help in this way. It was not an easy time in their life, but they bravely and cheerfully faced their difficulties and made sunshine for themselves when the skies without were gloomy and threatening.

With Will and Eva, however, matters were much worse. Not only were they unprepared to turn to any occupation outside of business as Ned and Helen had done, but after the former life of excitement and gayety in society, the change seemed doubly hard. They were obliged, as Will still continued without a position, to give up their present boarding place and find a

cheaper one on an obscure side street. With nothing to do, cut off from their former pleasures and having few resources in themselves, they lost their former bright, attractive manner and became moody, discontented and irritable.

About six months after the failure of Berkly & Morton, there was a vacancy in an important position in the house of Rand & Lessing, a still larger firm in the same line of business as the former. Among others Ned and Will applied for the place. Both men were able to furnish excellent references and a good business record if the positions held before had been considered alone, Will would probably have obtained the place. But one of the qualifications was a knowledge of foreign languages, as it was necessary to carry on a correspondence with various firms abroad. Of course, this debarred Will, who had no acquaintance with these languages, and Ned, proving his proficiency in them, was accepted, his own words spoken so long before half in irony, were fulfilled at last.

It has been said that "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune." And so it seemed with Ned. From this time on, he steadily advanced.

The next year he was sent abroad by the firm, and he and Helen had the opportunity of visiting many places of interest of which they had read, but had scarcely hoped to see, and they were able to put their language attainments to the test of conversational usage. Today Ned is a partner in this same house, and is known by a wide circle as one of the most reliable business men in the country. And withal he lives a keen, intellectual life outside of business, a life rounded and complete with all that literature, art, and general culture can bring into it, supplemented by a congenial wife and a happy home.

With Will, however, the next coup-let proved true. "Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." He obtained a position shortly after Ned had done so, but it was an inferior one in a smaller house, and feeling this keenly, he did not take an interest in his work, nor try to do his best at it, and as a consequence after a time lost his place, and was obliged to take one still lower. The habits formed in years of prosperity still clung to him, and he soon found himself encumbered with a load of debt, and finally obliged to give up many of the pleasures and luxuries

to which he had been accustomed. When this occurred his wife became gloomy and reproachful and the home life was anything but happy. Will gradually became discouraged and settled down into routine work, with scarcely any effort to better his condition. He is still struggling, trying on a small salary, to satisfy the demands of a querulous fault finding wife, and he complains bitterly of the luck of some who know no more of business methods than he does and haven't had nearly so much training.

But is it luck?—*Grace Ruan.*

[The end.]

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*Tennyson.*

There are types of men that never grow old. Generation after generation study them but they are ever new. Prominent among those who possess such a character, is Alfred Tennyson. His rank among men is royal. He tells us of nature, of man, and of God. He interprets our aspirations, our hopes, and our ideals. His poems are but the reflection of his life so nobly lived. They reveal to us his thoughts, his faith, his character, his genius, his power.

Nature breathed into his soul the essence of that element which gave strength and vitality to his productions. It is from her that he gathered his wonderful similes. She was the model for his grand word-painted pictures.

In Tennyson we find the most representative poet of the nineteenth century. He reflects its wide range of thought and much of its feeling. He worked with an almost divine inspiration that he might be able to breath forth a message that would interpret the aspirations and ideals of the people of his day.

His literary career may properly be said to date from 1830. From this date his reputation as a writer slowly broadened, and succeeding poems made plain to all, Tennyson's place among English poets.

In 1842 the publication of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," raised him to the position of absolute supremacy and set forever at rest the question of his genius. "Locksley Hall" is undoubtedly the master-piece of this collection. The poem seems so real that we are inclined to believe that Tennyson himself was the hero and that there really was such a place as Locksley

Hall. But the whole poem is a dramatic impersonation. Tennyson never had a cousin Amy and the hero and Locksley Hall are wholly imaginary. 'Twas in this poem that he versed the sentiments of a true noble character, where he wrote:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!  
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!"

In 1847 Tennyson gave to the world one of his most delightful and popular poems "The Princess." This poem is truly a medley. It at once amuses and instructs. Youth is mingled with manhood. The deeper phases of human life are inter-woven with interesting studies of individual character. Ancient, medieval, and modern manners and customs are blended together. Joy is mingled with sorrow. Hope is blighted with defeat and disappointment. The unexpected presentations of intricacies of thought are delightful. The fashioning of his unfolding power of expression is fascinating. Such grand weaving together of many threads, only intensifies our

admiration for Tennyson's rare intellectual power.

The poem "In Memoriam," which appeared three years after the publication of "The Princess," is pervaded with a deep, sincere grief. In this master-piece of literature Tennyson's greater self is revealed. Had this poem been but the wailing of a loss it would have been forgotten long ago. But as it is "a song of life and death arising out of victory and defeat" it still lives to purify, uplift, and strengthen the heart of man.

Tennyson probably has a greater number of feminine characters in his poems than any other poet since the time of the Elizabethan dramatist—Shakespeare. All styles of feminality adorn his pages from "Airy fairly Lilian" to those types of beauty in "A Dream of Fair Women." These women are not mere creations of a poets fancy but they are in every respect true to nature. Notice the stately heroines of the Idyls—Guinevere, Enid, Elaine, and Lynette. There are none fairer than Guinerere. True, she was guilty, but she was not debased. She sinned, but she repented and we can not do other than honor her after her humble repentance.

Enid—how patiently she endured the many trials her stern jealous lord willed her to pass through. But so gentle was she that she quite won his love again. She is the patient Griselda of Tennyson's poems.

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovely" is loved by every one. She has won her way into every heart. We almost weep over her sad fate. She was so simple yet so true and brave. She loved with a love that was her doom. How reverently she looked upon the prince of knights—Lancelot! How faithfully she guarded his shield in her little tower. To many, this is the most touching story in Tennyson's poems. The vivid picture of the barge floating down the river, guided by the dumb servitor and bearing the "lily maid of Astolat," haunts us long after we have closed the pages.

Lynette—resembles the modern American girl. She has "pluck and pride, sufficient scorn and without an eye to the main chance." At first she is really rude to Gareth and many times does she mock him to his face.

But later when he shows his true character, Lynette suddenly awakened to the fact that he is worth the wooing. Although this story



has an antique setting it is a true type of the modern story. Such threads of character study we find woven throughout all of Tennyson's poems.

If Tennyson had a mission to fulfill it certainly was to be a prophet of his age—for he so thoroughly understood it. He possessed a remarkably keen sensibility to the intellectual and spiritual, the social and political developments of the time in which he lived.

In all of Tennyson's poetry, he deals with man's relation to his fellowmen, his country and his God. His ability to strike the strongest cords of the human heart with the most delicate of touches, will ever bind him to the hearts of men.

His poems are the out come of prolonged meditation and labor—"the result of the supreme act which veils itself in the achievement."—*Nervia B. Wright, '02.*

"Be noble! And the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but not dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."—James Russel Lowell.

**THE CRESCENT.**

Published monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Society.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance..... 50  
Single Copies..... 10

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

THE CRESCENT is sent to subscribers until ordered stopped and all arrearages are paid. Direct all communications to THE CRESCENT, Newberg, Oregon.

WHEN Newton was asked to give the secret of his discoveries, he replied, "thinking, thinking, thinking." Thought is the supreme act of the mind. It is this, principally, which exalts man as the greatest of living creatures. The men of the profoundest thought are those who pave the pathway for human achievement and advancement. The great astronomer turns his lens toward the sparkling diademed imperial depths

of azure blue and his thoughts convey him into the presence of matchless wonder. With the aid of his imagination he translates the laws formed by the Divine hand upon the crystalized firmament and as a sequence we have the science of astronomy. The botanist casts his eyes down upon the green sward, sprinkled with nature's jewels, flowers, and he discerns an invisible power struggling in the clod which eventually exerts itself in the beautiful lily or daisy. His steps are slow for his mind has launched itself upon the sea of thought. As a sequence the flower becomes something more than a pleasing spectacle for the eye, ah yes, the soul fairly revels in the floweret's majesty.

The great statesman reflects upon the past achievements of his fellowmen. He thinks the thoughts that have wrought the deeds of the human race. He meditates carefully upon the social condition of the past, and discerns the motives which have produced each step of society. He compares the past with his own age, discovers their similarities, their differences. He studies the need of his nation. With a prescient mind he beholds his future nation. His thoughts

become the laws of his people. As a monument to his memory he leaves a government founded upon the eternal pillows of Truth and Justice. Thus it is in every phase of the mortal sphere. As the human race cultivates the power of thought the chasm between barbarism and civilization grows wider and wider. Life becomes more beautiful, man becomes nobler and society discards its black stains of immorality and increases in purity and loveliness.

Emerson: "The scholar is the favorite child of heaven and earth."

Ruskin: "Life without industry is guilt, but that industry without art and education is sheer brutality." "The doing that makes commerce is born of the thinking that makes scholars."

ANOTHER term lives only in the past, now but the possession of memory. As it has just gone beyond the grasp of the present, as it has brought the fading hours of another year and as the twilight of another century grows dim we have a few hours for reflection. During the joyful vacation days pause sober meditation upon the past year, past life. Think of the

hours of pleasure and when your life was interwoven with joy and mirth. With a solemn mood, though not with melancholy, think upon the hours of work, toil and hardship. Think of your good deeds. Pick out the flaws in your life. Portray by the aid of your past experience, a life that is pure, lovely and noble. Then make a resolve. Remember that one of the salient components of character is steadfast resolution. The boy or girl that is going to count in life and make life more than the mere living must make up his or her mind not merely to overcome a thousand obstacles but to win in spite of a thousand defeats or repulses.

#### EXCHANGE.

The Wa Wa, a new exchange, is a paper that bears the stamp of good management.

As an academy paper the Wreath is an ideal.

The November issue of Gate Index contains some very excellent reading matter.

Football is the absorbing theme of college papers during the fall issues.

A very graphic report is given of

the Y. M. C. A. convention held at the State University, Eugene, in the Oregon Weekly Dec. 10. The Oregon Weekly and Oregon Monthly the literary mouth pieces of the state University, are papers which bring great credit to their institution.

"Through college on an Engine" in the last Mirror, is an article with an inspiring motive.

Old maid (purchasing music):  
Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight."

Saphead—Why-er no, I guess 'twas the other clerk.—Ex.

"I draw a line on kisses sir,"  
She said in accents fine.  
He was a football player  
And so he "hit the line."—Ex.

#### Applied Quotations.

R. W. J.—"He now, forsooth, takes on him to reform some certain edicts."

A. H.—"She riseth also while it is yet night."

R. W. K.—"And I was young, too young to wed."

"Let no man despise thy youth."

N. W.—"As cold water to a

thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

E. H.—"If ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it."

L. G.—"O music, sphere descended maid,

Friend of pleasure, Wisdom's aid."

M. W.—"He knows what's what, and that's as high

As metaphysic wit can fly."

O. S.—"When a woman says she won't, she won't."

E. N.—"There was never philosopher

That could endure (a black eye) patiently."

#### LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Orations,  
Football,  
Basketball,  
Examinations.

If the half has not yet been told about Alaska, it soon will be.

Carl Rinehart and Ed McGregor spent a part of the vacation in the city.

Nelson Sykes is spending the time being at his home in Linn county.

Mrs. Douglas was absent from school on the 4th, on account of sickness in her home.

Dwight and Worth Coulson spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their home at Scotts Mills.

Pres. McGrew spoke both morning and evening in the Friends church on Sunday the 2nd in Rev. Barr's absence.

The question comes to the boarders at the "hall" when they think of the winter term; "What of the future, my brother?"

Rev. Gould of the M. E. church spoke to the students in chapel on Nov. 19th. Rev. Barr spoke on the following morning.

Miss Mabel Edwards entertained a few of her friends on the evening of the 24th ult. All present report a very pleasant evening.

Prof. Morrison attended the conference at Scotts Mills beginning on the 1st and continuing over Sunday. The students missed him on Monday.

The close of the fall term finds the Crescent Literary Society with a new constitution all adopted and ready to go into print or script, as the case may be.



Roaring Reekus is among us and who can escape his wrath? Class recitals are the order of the time being.

A number of students and friends of the college went up to McMinnville on Thanksgiving day to see the football game.

Mrs. Douglas was happily surprised one morning when entering her room to find on her study table a new cover. The donor is unknown.

At the missionary meeting of the Christian Associations on the 9th inst. the audience listened to some very instructive talks on the domestic life among the Indians of southern Alaska.

The Thanksgiving vacation seems to have been very pleasantly spent by all the students. However, the majority complained of being more tired the Monday following than on the Wednesday before.

Prof. Jones, Geo. Day, Walter Hadley, Clarence Daily and Carl Rinehart went to Eugene on the 6th to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention. Pres. McGrew followed on the next. All returned bringing a report of a good convention and a good time.

Reva Morelock spent vacation at her home near Portland and did not return till the following Monday evening.

A number of the students had a little experience in teaching, while Prof. Jones attended the Y. M. C. A. convention.

A complete set of the Congressional Records has been received by the college and added to the library. It is said that the Junior class is expected to read it through.

On the 23rd and 26th ult. the college football team played against the town team. The first game was a victory for the college boys, while in the second, the town boys wore the laurels. Their great bluffing qualities are said to have assisted them very much.

Wiley Snyder, who a few years ago was so well known in P. C. is now in the service of Uncle Sam, on board the U. S. Pensacola. Wiley writes us that he is a cook and he and three others, cook for 146 boys and 50 men. He sends best regards to his Newberg friends. In return, THE CRESCENT wishes him the best that the navy affords, and hopes he will not get "campused" while he is in the service.

Miss Carrie Turner entertained two of her cousins, Pauline and Mildred Turner of Portland during vacation.

The football has been laid on the shelf and a new basket ball purchased. The boys have swept the floor of the gymnasium and practice has already begun. Marvin Blair has been elected manager.

Great excitement was caused last Sunday when Prof. Kelsey was seen with his mandolin, cutting across the canyon towards the east part of town, but it quieted down considerably when it was found that he called at the home of Prof. Hodson.

Mr. Hatch was in town a few days ago, visiting his son Edwin. On the morning of the 6th he gave the students a very interesting chapel talk on Alaska and the Klondike region. Mr. Hatch having spent several years in the government employ in Alaska is very familiar with the country and the customs of the people.

With a bashful look he murmured  
As he joined them at the door,  
"May I go and get my rubbers  
That I left the night before?"

On account of something or other the work of the college octet progresses slowly. However, it expects to be heard some day.

Prof. Morrison read a paper at the Lower Willamette College Teachers Association at Hotel Portland on the 15th inst. Miss Macy, Mrs. Douglas, and Dr. Hutchinson also being present. Mrs. Douglas was elected president of the association for the ensuing term.

At the last meeting of the term, the Junta kindly permitted a number of the Crescent members to attend their meeting. The session was full of spirit, and everything was done in order and on time. While a number of those on program had not had time to prepare their assigned duties, they seemed ready to supply entertaining numbers instead. The business of the society was done promptly, and the meeting was ready to adjourn at the close of the period.

H. J. Littlefield.

H. A. Littlefield.

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